

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.

Terms: (Two Dollars a Year, in advance.
Single Copy, Five Cents.)
Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt
attention, and be neatly and correctly executed.

Business Cards.

Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
AND
WEYMOUTH, MASS.
Office Hours:—Boston, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.
P. M. Weymouth, from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M.

HAY and STRAW!

Bundle Hay and Straw

FOR SALE BY

JOS. LOUD & CO.,

WEYMOUTH LANDING

Don't Forget

B. F. Godwin,

HAIR DRESSER,

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27th St.

M. FRENCH, Jr.,

DEALER IN

STOVES, RANGES, CARPET

SWEEEPERS, Etc.

TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.

Clothes Wringers Repaired.

CORNER SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27th St.

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,

Livery Stable

AND BOARDING,

Washington Square, WEYMOUTH,
27th St.

Carriages and Harnesses

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE 'OR

REPAIRING.

NATHAN T. JOY,

Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,
EAST WEYMOUTH

HAY and STRAW

FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and

Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

BAKERS EXPRESS.

Also constantly on hand, Mineral Salt, for Horses.

Weymouth, April 19, 1875.

DENTISTRY.

NOW is the time for those who want a set of

Teeth to have them. I will manufacture a

set of Teeth as can be made on Rubber

FOR TEN DOLLARS,

any time during the business hours.

Teeth Extraordinary without pain, by the use of

Nature's Own (Gas or Ether).

Teeth filed with sand of my own preparation and

known to be chemically pure, finished up and

polished at reasonable rates.

OFFICE, WEYMOUTH LANDING.

DR. A. G. NYE.

CHARLES Q. TIRRELL,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE 20 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON.

Prompt and careful attention paid to any kind of

legal business.

VIOLINS!

VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER, AND CON-

STANTLY ON HAND.

Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.

Also,

Repairing done at short notice,

AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Please give me a call.

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,

LINCOLN SQUARE,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. L. WELLINGTON,

Cabinet Maker,

Shop at McCormick's Furniture Warehouses,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

PARADE ATTENTION PAID TO

Church and Store Fitting.

COUNTERS AND COUNTING ROOM DESK

A SPECIALTY.

CARPENTERS JOINING

OF ALL KINDS.

FURNITURE REPAIRED

in the best manner.

BURRELL & HERSEY -

Painters and Glaziers,

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glaz-

ing, (Sole Agent of W. T. Bigelow.)

Weymouth Landing.

GEO. W. WARREN,

DEALER IN

GEO. H. RICHARDS,

DEALER IN

MEY'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

AND FURNISHING GOODS,

24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,

BOSTON

Mrs. L. C. WEBB,

MILLINER,

Second house North of First National

Bank,

Main Street,

South Weymouth,

Where can be found one of the finest

assortments of

Hats,

Velvets,

Ribbons,

Silks,

Flowers,

And in fact everything to be found in a First Class

store.

Mrs. Webb has just received a case of very fine

French Flowers.

with all the new shades. Also ORNAMENTS.

Any goods which may not be in stock, will be pre-

pared to order.

All orders promptly attended to. Mrs. Webb in-

vests the people of Weymouth and vicinity to

give her a share of their patronage.

M. HAWKES,

DEALER IN

HAY, STRAW AND

MANURE,

East Braintree, Mass.

Dental Notice!

Dr. Charles R. Greeley

WILL BE AT HIS OFFICE AT

SOUTH BRAINTREE,

In Holbrook's Block,

every day in the week, where you can have your

teeth cleaned, filled, or extracted without pain—

(Gas or Ether given as desired.)

Artificial teeth inserted in the latest improved and

most skillful manner.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Give him a call.

W. F. BURRELL,

TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN, AND

CLARINET.

Commercial Square,

EAST WEYMOUTH.

J. AUSTIN DEANE,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

COAL, & C.

South Weymouth Depot.

G. F. CURTIS,

Wheelwright

AND—

CARRIAGE BUILDER

Washington Street,

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

CARRIAGES BUILT TO ORDER

AND REPAIRING DONE AT

SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST

MANNER.

CARRIAGE BOARDS, IRONING BOARDS, &c.,

MADE TO ORDER.

37th St.

J. L. WILDES,

PIANO TUNER.

FORMERLY WITH J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

BOSTON.

Address: P. O. Box 23 North Weymouth,

or 30 Beach St., Boston.

N. B. CHURCH AND CABINET OR-

ANS ATTENDED TO.

A NOVEL INVENTION.

BURNER AND SHADE.

so arranged as to give a splendid light without the

use of a chimney.

NO SMOKE OR SMELL.

The annoyance of breaking and putting for China

now forever done away with. And also see it at

S. W. PRATT'S.

Something New!

James I. DeWitt,

HAIR DRESSER,

Holbrook Block. Up one flight.

South Braintree.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

P. F. HOLLYWOOD'S

Is the Best Place in BROCKTON to get a Good

Fashionable Suit made at Lowest

Prices. Now, then, best cases

made to order.

Call and See Them Before Purchasing.

Cor. Main and Green Sts.,

Brockton, Mass.

CONV.

OF THE GRA.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

Medium & Heavy Weight

Business Suits.

A LINE OF ALL-WOOL BUSINESS SUITS,

manufactured from heavy-weight, stylish **ALL**

WOOL Tailor-made, and which were sold by us

in January at \$10. We shall close them at

\$5 PER SUIT.

This Suit cannot be purchased outside of our store

today for less than \$12.

A Line of All-Wool

BUSINESS SUITS

manufactured from All-Wool Diagonal Sating, and

which have been sold by us within sixty days at \$15.

We shall close them at

\$10 per Suit.

This Suit is fully \$5 under the market value.

A line of All-Wool

Basket Cloth Coats & Vests

TO MATCH.

manufactured from an all-wool Basket Cloth Coat-

ing and which were sold by us in January at \$15.

We shall close them at

\$10 for Coat and Vest,

COAT \$8; VEST \$3.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

BOYS' YOUTHS

DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE A JOB LOT

Boys' All-Wool Suits,

AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS.

\$3; Former Price \$6.

BOYS' All-Wool Suits,

AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS.

including some of the latest styles, which have

been sold by us within sixty days at \$8, \$7, \$5 and

\$4. We have now a lot of these suits, and we

have marked them at a uniform price of

\$4 per suit.

Some of this lot of suits are, at the above price,

less than 50 cents on the dollar.

Young Men's all-wool Suits

AGES 10 TO 14 YEARS.

including some of the latest styles, which have

been sold by us within sixty days at \$10, \$8, \$7, \$5

and \$4. We have now a lot of these suits, and we

have marked them at a uniform price of

\$8 per suit.

The above suits are of heavy weight, and the

material from which they were made cost more than

double the price per yard of the material. They are

stitches. We consider all the above-named articles

extraordinary bargains.

WILMOT'S,

No. 263 Washington Street,

Opposite Water St.,

BOSTON.

ÆTNA

IMPROVED

SEWING MACHINES,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

No Canvassers Employed, agents

for the large commission usually paid to agents

allowed to Customers who purchase for CASH at our

office.

All other styles in same proportion. Every Ma-

chine warranted NEW.

Call and examine or send for Circular.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Manager.

24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Leave your Orders

FOR

JOB PRINTING

AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH

JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.

22 PATENT HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF

CITY ENTERPRISE.

W. O. FAXON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

HOLBROOK BLOCK,

South Braintree, Mass.

REFERENCE: David Thayer, M. D., Boston; Jas. C. Smith, M. D., Cohasset; W. E. C. Smith, M. D., Scituate; Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M.

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STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
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TIN ROOFING and JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Repaired.
COMMERCIAL SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27th

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,
Livery Stable
AND BOARDING,
Washington Square,
WEYMOUTH,
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Carriages and Harnesses
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NATHAN T. JOY,
Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,
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Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
BAKER'S EXPRESS.
Also constantly on hand, Mineral Salt, for Hay,
Weymouth, April 10, 1877.

DENTISTRY.
NOW is the time for those who want a set of
Teeth to have them. I will manufacture a
good set of Teeth as can be made on Rubber.
FOR TEN DOLLARS,
any time during the hard times.
TEETH EXTRACTED without pain, by the use of
NATHAN'S PAIN EXTRACTOR.
Teeth filled with gold or my own preparation and
known to be absolutely pure, finished up and
polished at reasonable rates.
OFFICE, WEYMOUTH LANDING.
DR. A. G. NYE.

CHARLES Q. TIBBELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
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Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.
Also,
Repairing done at short notice,
and on reasonable terms.
Please give me a call.
ISRAEL A. HALEY,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. L. WELLINGTON,
Cabinet Maker,
Shop at McCormick's Furniture Warehouse,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Church and Store Finishing.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
COUNTERS and COUNTING ROOM DESK
A SPECIALTY.
CARPENTER'S JOBBING
of all kinds, and short notice.
FURNITURE REPAIRED
in the best manner.
13th

BURRELL & HERSEY
Painters and Glaziers,
AND DEALERS IN
Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue,
(Old stand of W. T. Burrell)
Weymouth Landing.

GEO. W. WARREN,
WITH
GEO. H. RICHARDS,
DEALERS IN
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON

Mrs. L. C. WEBB,
MILLINER,
Second house North of First National
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Main Street,
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Where can be found one of the finest
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Hats,
Velvets,
Ribbons,
Silks,
Flowers,
And in fact everything to be found in a First Class
Store.
Mrs. Webb has just received a case of very fine
French Flowers,
with all the new shades. Also, ORNAMENTS.
Any goods which may not be in stock, will be pro-
cured to order.
All orders promptly attended to. Mrs. Webb in-
vites the people of South Weymouth and vicinity to
give her a share of their patronage.

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DEALER IN
HAY, STRAW AND
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East Braintree, Mass.

Dental Notice!
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WILL BE AT HIS OFFICE AT
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In Holbrook's Block,
every day in the week, where you can have your
teeth cleaned, filled, or extracted without pain—
(Gas or Ether given as desired).
Artificial teeth inserted in the latest improved and
most reliable manner.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give him a call.

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TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN, AND
CLARINET,
COMMERCIAL SQUARE,
EAST WEYMOUTH,
34th

J. AUSTIN DEANE,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
COAL, & C.
South Weymouth Depot.

G. F. CURTIS,
Wheelwright
—AND—
CARRIAGE BUILDER
Washington Street,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

CARRIAGES BUILT TO ORDER
AND REPAIRING DONE AT
SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST
MANNER.
CAKE BOARDS, IRONING BOARDS, &c.,
MADE TO ORDER.
37th

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BURNER AND SHADE.
so arranged as to give a splendid light, without the
use of a chimney.
NO SMOKE OR SMELL.
The annoyances of breaking and paying for Chim-
neys forever done away with. Call and see it at
S. W. PRATT'S.

Something New!
James I. DeWitt,
HAIR DRESSER,
Holbrook Block. Up one flight—
South Braintree.

MERCHANT TAILORING.
P. F. HOLLYWOOD'S
Is the Best Place in BROCKTON to get a Good
Fashionable, Reliable Garment at Lowest
Prices. Now but few first-class
Goods in Stock.

Call and See Them Before Purchasing.
COR. MAIN and GREEN STS.
Brockton, Mass.

CONTINUATION
OF THE GRAND
CLOSING OUT SALE OF
Medium & Heavy Weight
Business Suits.

A LINE OF ALL-WOOL BUSINESS SUITS,
manufactured from heavy-weight, stylish ALL-
WOOL Broad Suiting, and which were sold by
us in January at \$16. We shall close them at
\$8 PER SUIT.

This Suit can be purchased outside of our store
today for less than \$12.
A Line of All-Wool
BUSINESS SUITS
manufactured from All-Wool Diagonal Suiting, and
which have been sold by us within sixty days at \$18.
We shall close them at
\$10 per Suit.
This Suit is fully \$4 under the market value.

A line of all-wool
Basket Cloth Coats & Vests
TO MATCH.
manufactured from a Basket Cloth Coat-
ing, and which were sold by us in January at \$15.
We shall close them at
\$10 for Coat and Vest,
COAT \$2; VEST \$2.
THIS IS A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.
IN OUR

BOYS & YOUTHS
DEPARTMENT
WE HAVE A JOB LOT
Boys' All-Wool Suits,
AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS,
\$3; Former Price \$6.

Boys' All-Wool Suits,
AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS,
including some dozen or fifteen styles, which have
been sold by us within sixty days at \$10, \$7, \$8 and
\$10. We have placed them all together upon our
table, and marked them at a uniform price of
\$4 per Suit.
Some of this lot is in fact, at the above price,
less than 50 cents on the dollar.

Young Men's all-wool Suits
AGES 16 TO 14 YEARS, including some eight
or ten styles, which have been sold by us within
sixty days at \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$15 per Suit. We
have re-estimated the entire lot, including all the
styles, and have marked them at a uniform price of
\$7 per Suit.

The above garments are all heavy weight, and the
material from which they were made cost more than
double the price per yard of lightweight, slaty cas-
simeres. We consider all the above-named articles
extraordinary bargains.

WILMOT'S,
No. 263 Washington Street,
(Opposite Water St.)
BOSTON.

ÆTNA
IMPROVED
SEWING MACHINES,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.
No Canvassers Employed.
But the large Commission usually paid to agents
allowed to Customers who purchase for Cash at our
office.

\$60 Dollar Machines for \$25.
All other styles in same proportion. Every Ma-
chine WARRANTED NEW.
Call and examine or send for Circular.
H. S. WILLIAMS, Manager.
24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Leave your Orders
JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.
42 PATRIOTIC HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF
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Physician and Surgeon,
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Reference: David Thayer, M. D., Boston; Jas.
C. Swan, M. D., Cohasset; W. E. C. Swan, M.
D., Braintree; 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M.

WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF WEYMOUTH.
Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings
not extra Hazardous,
and their contents, at as low rates as any other re-
liable Company
Amount at Risk, April 1, 1877, \$1,813,374.00
Amount of Assets, " " \$39,920.98
N. L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Secretary.

JOSIAH E. RICE & SON,
Funeral Undertakers,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

HAYING procured a new **Grass Side**
Mower, and is prepared to attend to all
orders connected with the business of Undertaking,
with one or two horses.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Caskets or Coffins
on hand or furnished to order; also, ROBES and
all articles connected with the business, at our
NEW WAREHOUSES, EAST WEYMOUTH
THE PATENT FREEZER used in PRESERVING
BODIES.

W. F. HATHAWAY, M. D.,
RESIDENCE,
NORFOLK ST., WEYMOUTH
OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 P. M.; 7 to
8 P. M.

E. C. BUMPUS,
Office, Boston Post Building,
Milk near Washington St.,
BOSTON.
AT WEYMOUTH AFTER 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

LITERATURE.

DECORATION DAY, MAY 30, 1877.

Brothers below'd, to memory dear,
Again your comrades muster here.
To crown your graves with flowers,
Again recall those scenes gone by,
The shout of death or victory,
For your remains to care,
A patriotic host combined,
Your bodies lie beneath the sod,
Your spirits with our Father's God,
Your country's blessings share.

Rest—rest in peace—again we'll come,
When sounds the decoration drum;
Your memory shall not die,
Again to your bright home above,
Will rise the notes of changeless love,
A nation's eulogy.

F. M. ADLINGTON,
Weymouth, Mass.

POLLY'S BLUE RIBBONS.

Would you like to hear how the fact
of blue seeming green at night went
far to rob poor little Polly Potters of
her peace of mind, for a time at least?
Severe were the pangs she suffered in
consequence of this "optical illusion."

Polly was a bright, sweet little thing,
with just that lovely complexion that
could fearlessly dare green or any other
color; so it was not that that was the
cause of her trouble—far from it; she
had too little vanity to have grieved for
a thing of that sort, even if her face had
not been such a peach blossom. Polly
had half a dozen lovers, but two of them
were very special lovers indeed; one
she liked, liked more than she would al-
low even to herself; the other she did
not care for at all, but was civil to him;
partly because she liked his sister and
didn't like to hurt her feelings, and
partly because she was a smart little maid,
and knew one's mouth water to look at;
could, and did, make shivers for her fa-
ther that actually fit so well that he said
they could not fit better—a thing seldom
known in the history of man. She un-
derstood cooking in its various branches,
and also knew how to make her own
dresses and bonnets as well as need be;
and with it all was very agreeable in the
way of talking, and listening to other
people talking. No wonder that she had
half a dozen lovers—it was only a
wonder that she did not have more.

Tom Wilton, the favored one, was a
manly, true-hearted young fellow, lov-
ing Polly most dearly and faithfully;
but he was timid about his love, and not
aware of his own good qualities, consid-
ering himself not half good enough for
Polly. Ned Dyer, on the contrary,
thought himself quite good enough for
any body. He was fully aware of Pol-
ly's merits; but he also had an exalted
idea of his own, he thought a match
between them would be a very even af-
fair.

There was to be a party in the neigh-
borhood—and a party in the country is
a party. No going to two or three of
them in one evening; no dropping in
for an hour or so and then hurrying on
to the next place; but a regular setting
out for spending the whole time in one
house, and making the very best of it
while there. Of course everybody was
invited, and Polly chief among the
number.

She decided to dress in white muslin,
and talked it over with her mother at
the breakfast-table, while her father,
worthy farmer Potters, listened with in-
terest.

"I'll not get any new ribbons, moth-
er," said she. "My pink ones are as
good as new, and I'll wear those."
The farmer smiled to himself; he was
going to the town that day, and he would
bring his Polly new ribbons. She was a
girl in a thousand. Here was a party
coming off the next night, and she quite
satisfied with the things she already had;
so the farmer resolved he would surprise
her on his return. Accordingly, after get-
ting through all his other matters, he ap-
plied himself to the important work of
selecting the ribbons. Deep were his
ponderings as the bright colors were
unrolled before him—broad ribbons for
the sash, with corresponding ones for
the hair and throat. The rival beauties
of blue and green were too much for
him.

"Give me both," said he, bringing
his hand heavily down on the counter,
and thought, "Polly can decide; and
then she will have another set for next
time." An unfortunate decision for
Polly.

When Mr. Potters returned the sun
was near setting, and Polly was seated
on the broad porch with her two lovers,
each one having ridden over to ask her
if he might escort her the next night;
and each had come at that hour for fear
the other would arrive first, in conse-
quence of which they reached the house
about the same time. But Polly could
not go with either, as she had promised
to spend the afternoon with Kate
Haynes, the giver of the party, for the
purpose of assisting her. While chat-
ting on the broad porch with her two
lovers, and after giving Polly a hearty
goodnight, she proceeded to undress. Great
was Polly's delight, both with the rib-
bons and the affection that prompted the
getting of them. Mrs. Potters was
called out at once, and as was pleased
as Polly. Altogether Mr. Potters felt
that he had achieved a success, and was
proud of himself.

"Why do women make a fuss about
shopping?" said he, swelling with pride;
"it is rather an easy thing, I take it."
Polly sat between her two lovers, her
the ribbons spread out on her lap, her

head on one side, surveying the two
colors with a critical eye: the green lay
next to Ned Dyer; Tom Wilton gently
took hold of an end of the blue.

"Wear the green, Polly," said Ned,
in a lover-like tone; won't you?"
Polly gave a side glance at Tom; the
mere fact of Ned asking her to wear the
green decided her not to do it. She
gathered up the ribbons carefully and
stood up; Mr. and Mrs. Potters turned
to go in the house, and in the little stir
Tom also rose and seized the opportu-
nity to whisper:

"Polly, will you wear the blue for me?
—do, Polly—won't you?"
Polly's color rose brightly to her
cheeks—she looked as sweet as a fresh
rose; but before she could answer Ned
interposed:

"Which color will it be, Polly?"
"Oh! you'll see to-morrow," she an-
swered, gayly, and ran into the house.
By the time she returned two of her
young friends were there, and the con-
versation rattled on without further al-
lusion to the ribbons.

The next afternoon Mr. Potters drove
Polly over to the scene of action; her
white muslin and blue ribbons carefully
laid in an immense old-fashioned band-
box of her mother's, together with all
the other necessary items. She was wel-
comed by Kate Haynes and her
mother, both being well aware of Pol-
ly's valuable qualities.

The rest of the day was spent in ac-
tive preparations, and the sun was near
setting when Polly went up stairs to
dress for the evening. She blushed
with pleasure as she unrolled the pretty
blue ribbons, and her heart beat fast as
she anticipated Tom's glance of delight
on seeing them, saying to herself, with
a toss of the head: "The green, in-
deed!"

Kate tied the sash and neck-ribbon
for her, letting the long ends fall be-
hind, and then surveyed her with plea-
sure, she looked so sweet and fresh.
"A lovely blue," said she; "just the
color of your eyes, Polly."

The company soon began to arrive,
but Tom and Ned did not make their
appearance till after candle-light; Polly
was not aware of their entrance till she
found Ned bending over her with a
beaming look, and saw Tom at a short
distance regarding her with an expres-
sion she could not comprehend, it was
such a combination of disappointment,
wounded feeling, and mortified pride.

"Surely," thought she, "he don't
mind Ned being by me, when he must
see that I have on the ribbons he asked
me to wear. I think it is enough for
me to do that; he has no business to
take airs; he can't have every thing—
just at once."

But Tom did not come near her, and
Polly's tender heart sank low and
lower. It was a severe task to laugh
and look gay when she felt so miserably
sad and perplexed; a task given to
many a woman; but Polly was a brave
little thing and went through it well.
She didn't run into desperate flirting
as some do on these occasions, but she
danced with all who asked her, and
laughed and talked, putting Ned aside
with a quiet tact that he could not over-
come; if her laugh had a note of shrill-
ness in it, or her cheek a more crim-
son flush than usual, what was there in
that more than the excitement of the
moment?

At length it was all over, and the
guests began to disperse; poor Polly
would gladly have gone too, but she
had promised to stay all night.
When all had departed she said to
Kate,

"I think I'll go up stairs at once,
Kate, I am so tired."
For she was to share Kate's room,
and felt that she must have a few min-
utes to herself; the strain was too great.
"Certainly, dear; don't wait for me,"
replied Kate.

On reaching the privacy of the bed-
room Polly walked up and down with
her hands tightly clenched. Oh! what
had made him behave so? And then,
too, after she had favored him so far as
to wear the blue. At this thought Pol-
ly's cheeks glowed with proud blushes,
while her head rose haughtily. But
pride soon sank; and oh! what a relief
it would have been had she only had an
opportunity to cry; but she did not dare
to do that. On the contrary, she
pressed her fingers against her eyes, and
nearly choked in her efforts to keep
down the swelling sobs. Presently she
thought she heard Kate coming, and
hastily began to undress. First she un-
tied the ribbon in her hair and took it
off; but just as she was about to put it
down she started as though it were a
snake, and stood transfixed, gazing at
it. Was it possible? It couldn't be the
green ribbon, and yet there it was—
green undeniably. She looked down at
the sash; a bunch of violets at her waist
had prevented her particularly noticing
it; but now that her attention was at-
tracted to it she saw plainly enough that
such and all were green. Now Tom's
coolness was accounted for. Poor Pol-
ly! She came nearer crying than ever;
and it required all her pride and spirit
to enable her to hide her emotion from
Kate's astuteness. Fortunately, Kate's
mind was so full of the various events
of the evening in connection with her-
self that she did not notice Polly as she
might have done. The only remark she
made that all bore upon Polly's trou-
bles was the following:

"Did you know that your ribbons look
green at night, Polly? They answer
two purposes—you can have blue or
green, whichever you like, provided you
want green at night."
Which was not at all what poor Polly
had wanted.

She was not hopeful in regard to see-

ing Tom the next day—she felt a pre-
sentiment which turned out to be a true
one, as it sometimes happens after fail-
ing ninety-nine times. She did not see
him for two weeks, in consequence of
his having sprained his ankle going
home the night of the party. Those
were two weeks of such pain to poor lit-
tle Polly that it gave her a pang for
years after just to think of them. The
distress of knowing that Tom was not
only suffering, but also thinking her in-
different about him—the deadly fear
that he would never know the truth
concerning the ribbons, and would con-
sider her having worn green as equiv-
alent to a rejection—together with a con-
stant effort not to let anybody at all
suspect that she was in the least trou-
bled, such a strain upon her nerves that
at last healthy little Polly had a suc-
cession of nervous headaches, something
she had never had in her life before and
could not at all understand.

Tom, meanwhile, had been greatly
cast down by the sight of the green rib-
bons, which were more than Ned was,
he being correspondingly joyous. How-
ever, just as Tom was departing he saw
a little incident that was quite com-
forting to him. He saw Ned so decidedly
snubbed by Polly that he was sure
her wearing green was not done as a
matter of favor to him. This circumstance
did much to keep up Tom's spirits dur-
ing the two weeks, and, in spite of all
his doubts and fears, he found his way
to Polly's abode as soon as his ankle
was fit for service.

Polly was sitting by the window and
saw Tom coming up the lane; the sight
threw her into such a flutter that her
only thought was to escape at once to
the shelter of her own room; having
guined it she stood breathless, listening
intently. She heard the hearty salu-
tation from her father and mother; the
cordial invitation to stay to tea, and
then her father calling to one of the
boys to put Tom's horse in the stable.
He was going to stay to tea then, and
here a bright thought struck Polly;
blushing and half-ashamed, she never-
theless proceeded to carry it out. She
put on a pretty blue and white muslin,
and with it the same neck and hair rib-
bons she had worn at Kate's party; then,
outwardly composed and inwardly all in
a commotion, she went down stairs, wel-
coming Tom in a shy way that he found
very gratifying, though she said scarce
any thing at all. He noticed the blue,
of course, and saw it with a flush of
pleasure; but that was only half of Pol-
ly's manoeuvre; the other part came
when they went in the parlor after tea,
the evening being grown too cool to
sit on the porch. When the candles
were lighted Tom saw with a start of
surprise that Polly's ribbons had put on
their green hue.

"I thought," said he, with a slight
shake in his voice, "that you had on
blue ribbons when you came down
stairs."
Polly blushed, but stood firm. "So
they are blue," she replied, looking as
innocent as possible; "they are the ones
father got me the day before Kate
Haynes's party; you see they are blue
by day and green by night."

She gave one swift glance at him, and
saw his face light up with hope and joy.
"Oh, Polly! did you wear the blue
ribbons that night when he whispered,
fondly, drawing nearer; 'did you wear
them for me?'"

Polly answered that and a still more
important question in so satisfactory a
manner that Tom declared himself the
happiest fellow in the world; and, what
was more, he declared to the end of his
days that there never was such a trea-
sure as his Polly, and never a more for-
tunate man than he in winning her.

THE FLORIDA COAST.
If you will look at the map of Flori-
da, away down the eastern coast of the
finger-like peninsula you may see a
spot marked "Jupiter," or "Jupiter In-
let." It is probably the most inaccessi-
ble and barren nook on the whole
Florida coast, and can be reached only
in light-draught boats, sailing the
whole length of the Indian river.—
Sharp coral reefs fringe its shore, and
high hillocks of white sand, sprinkled
with thick clumps of scrub and cactus,
rear their heads above the inlet. The
lively sand-crabs catches fireflies on the
beach, and huge turtles deposit their
eggs in the sand. This attracts scores
of bears from the swamps and ham-
mocks bordering the Everglades; for
to them the turtle and its eggs are a
delicious delicacy. Spotted thrashers
play among the sand-hills by moonlight
and the fierce puma prowls along the
shore in quest of king crabs or more
substantial diet. The largest puma
ever seen in the State was shot in this
region by the keeper of the lighthouse.
It was as formidable as a royal Bengal
tiger and measured over thirteen feet
from snout to tip.

The shallow salt water swarms with
fish. Schools of mullet and pompane
flash in the sunlight, and cavalla, bone-
fish, bluefish, red bass, drum, snappers
and groupers are here in myriads.—
Jewish have been caught weighing
over 500 pounds. Sawfish, the size of
young whales, surge through the nar-
row channels, and ravenous sharks
blockade outside. As the tide rises
they come within the inlet in search of
prey. The bass and other fish that
have been feeding upon the mullet be-
come in turn the victims of the shark.
The smallest fish dart to and fro, making
the water boil in their efforts to escape.
Millions are slowly but surely driven
into a small bay by the sharks, who

whip the waves into foam in their hun-
gry fury. Penned at last the doomed
fish leap in the air with terror, and
shoals of them run ashore. The sharks
charge with a rush. Their jaws snap
like pistol shots, and mutilated fish are
scattered over the water. Schools of
porpoise join in the slaughter, and oc-
asionally an old alligator shores off
from the shore, sinks himself like a
submarine battery, and steals a boun-
tiful meal.

Nor is an alligator the only free-feed-
er. The air is filled with thousands of
blue-feathered terns and gulls. Full
well do they understand the situation.
The rush of their wings is like a breeze
in a forest of pines, and their screams
are deafening. By platoons they rush
into the agitated water, and soar off
above the roaring surf, each with a fish
in his bill. The very air sparkles with
fish, for the gulls toss their victims up
until they catch them by the head.—
Then they are easily bolted. High
above the terns float flocks of grey
pelicans, larger than geese, and grave
and formal as judges. The wind whis-
les beneath their great wings, and they
make no audible expression of satisfac-
tion. Dropping into the waves with a
great splash, and after a few lubberly
manoeuvres they fill their pouches, and
sail away as though the whole affair
had been arranged for their own exclu-
sive benefit. A party of stalwart her-
ons pace the strand in their Austrian
uniforms, and pick up the tiny silver
fish slopping ashore during the gen-
eral commotion. And last and least,
our little Northern kingfisher, clad in a
sky-blue suit, springs his little rattle,
and hangs on the outskirts of the bat-
tle, picking up choicest tidbits. Such
is an every-day scene at Jupiter during
the summer and fall.

The inlet is very shallow. Its bed is
detached coral rocks, covered with sea-
green moss. This moss has that pecu-
liar shell known as "bleeding teeth."
At low tide the water rushes over these
rocks, forming rapids like those on
some Canadian streams. Banks of
sand appear at the foot of the rapids,
and are washed by the breakers of the
Atlantic. The tide sets in with won-
derful force. The current is very
strong, and the banks and flats inside
are quickly flooded. Immense eddies
are formed, and strange as it may
seem, these eddies often throw the
finest fly-fishing in the world. The bone-
or lady fish, bluefish, snapper, and cav-
alla take a fly with the voracity of a
brook trout. Ganey as is the bluefish,
the ladyfish is his superior. The latter
is very long and slender, covered with
small silvery scales. It has a broad
head, a large and expressive eye, fine
sharp teeth, and like that of a trout—
It reaches ten pounds in weight.

A lighthouse is the only sign of civil-
ization at Jupiter. It towers 160
feet from a sand hill on the main land,
and is a plain brick shaft crowned with
a revolving light. Heavy eastern gales,
combined with the action of the gulf
stream, sometimes shut the inlet.—
About fifteen years ago a storm closed
the gap. Billions of salt water fish
were dammed in. Then a long rainy
season followed. The Jupiter North
sewer emptied into the Indian river with-
in a mile of the inlet, poured out vol-
umes of fresh water, but the ocean had
done its work well, and the dam re-
mained intact. The fresh water dammed
through Hope sound and forced its way
to sea through Indian river inlet, fifty
miles north of Jupiter.

The salt water at Jupiter became
fresh. Trillions of fiddlers and hermit
crabs gave up the ghost. The man-
grove tree turned a sickly yellow, and
the thousands of insects that draw
their nourishment from the saline
marshes disappeared. Schools of black
bass left the fresh water streams and
appeared at Jupiter. Solid acres of
salt water fishes piled themselves into
the height of the inlet, and fought for
the sea water that oozed through the
sand at high tide. The alligators of the
Everglades got wind of what was
going on. They came down the Allo-
keahatchie and Lake Worth creek in
scores, and attacked the fish dammed
in the light. The slaughter was as-
tonishing.

The water turned to blood and was
carpeted with dead

"I am a man, and feel an interest in all that pertains to my fellow men," said an ancient Roman orator or poet. In the spirit of this utterance thousands of the brave men who perished in the war of the rebellion, went forth at the call of their country, to battle for the rights of humanity as expressed in the immortal declaration—"the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—rights which were unknown to multitudes who were groaning in the wailing chains of slavery. The thousands of these champions of humanity survive only in the memories of kindred and comrades who with them endured the privations and perils of the terrible struggle, and it is peculiarly fitting that these memories should be strengthened by the annual observance of the services of Decoration Day—a day which has become one of the prominent observances of the year, and has produced a marked degree of public interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.

This public interest is, in itself, a source of national strength, keeping alive the sentiment of devotion to the principles of liberty on which our government alone can rest secure; and as an educator of the rising generation, who are to become the workers in the various departments of life when present generations slumber in the dust, these observances are calculated to foster, in youthful minds, a love of country and a devotion to its welfare which will produce marked results for national good in future eventful periods of its history.

There is another feature of importance connected with this subject, which appeals with much force to the sympathies of the people of this State, and which calls for more expressive manifestation of interest in the welfare of the surviving soldiers than mere words of praise for service rendered. The Commander of the Department of Massachusetts has given timely expression to a projected plan for establishing a Soldiers' Home, where hundreds of men who returned from the field disabled by wounds or just exhausted and exhausted by long marches and exposure, could find needed assistance and shelter. General Sargent says, in his circular calling public attention to the subject, that "Gratitude to our disabled veterans demands a place of rest this side of the grave. One title of the sun required to preserve a historic monument of the patriotism of our fathers will preserve from anguish many hundred shattered members of the nation of their not less heroic sons. The tears of the nation are not yet dry. The hearts of the people are still grateful and warm. The mutilated survivors of a recent war, to whose twenty-eight hundred fights the battles of the Revolution were but skirmishes, lie, almost without exception, in the graves and beg their bread, as outcasts. A generous and just public will not refuse \$50,000 for a soldiers' home, in the very Commonwealth that retains and exhibits as a monument of her glory, two hundred and sixty-nine of their beloved and battle-faded standards, yet crimsoned with the blood of these appealing men, who never lost a State banner, and who brought these battle-stained homes. The necessity of immediate combined action suggests that every Post Commander at once organize a Soldiers' Committee of comrades or patriotic citizens, to canvas his neighborhood for subscriptions to purchase 'A Soldier's Home' in Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic; that the aid of patriotic women be most respectfully entreated; that the local clergyman be fervently implored to preach, and to take up a collection, in aid of the project, on the Sabbath preceding or following the coming Memorial Day; that a public meeting be called for the evening of that day, in each town, for the purpose of presenting to our charitable fellow-citizens—both men and women—the pressing necessity for immediate assistance towards the purchase of a soldiers' home, now ready, furnished, and awaiting only the funds, and contributions or subscriptions should be then and there solicited from a grateful people for the fund, which is to be held by a Board of Trustees, consisting of his Excellency Alexander H. Rice, the Hon. William Gaston, Major-General Charles Devens, Attorney General of the United States, and the members and council of administration of the government. It is to be hoped that there will be a generous response to this appeal from the people of the whole Commonwealth."

Turning to the more immediate local observance of the day, we republish, by request of the General Officers of the Command, of Reynolds Post, S. G. A. R., of Weymouth, and in connection would call attention to the programme of the grand concert to be given in the Town Hall in the evening, under the auspices of the Post. The management has secured an extraordinary array of talent, embracing the names of many favorites with the people of this town, and a perusal of the following programme will be sufficient to convince lovers of good music that the concert is well deserving of their patronage.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Le Ciel de Brézans," Auber.

2. Quartette, "Il Picciotto Siciliano," Ettore.

3. Solo, "Sous le Palmier," M. FERNANDEZ.

4. Solo, "Sous le Palmier," M. FERNANDEZ.

5. Solo, "Sous le Palmier," M. FERNANDEZ.

6. Solo, "Sous le Palmier," M. FERNANDEZ.

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69. Solo, "Sous le Palmier," M. FERNANDEZ.

TOWN AND VICINITY.

Fire Department.

The Building Committee chosen at the town meeting have been examining and locating sites for engine houses and reservoirs in the various Wards. A location for the house in Ward Five has been selected on the lot of land lying between Front and Main streets, in front of the residence of Mr. Peter Garcelon. This is at the extreme west part of the Ward, and about 1 1/2 miles from the village at Lovell's Corner. It is claimed by some of the residents at the village that an engine is needed at the two extremes of the Ward, and that the protection required at the Corner is not provided by an engine so far away from the village. The location of an engine at the point selected by the Committee, however, is a public necessity, and it would be desirable for the town to increase its provision for protection against fire by adding another machine in Ward 5.

At East Weymouth the Committee have located the house on the Lockup lot of lands, there being just enough space remaining to place the house. The houses will be all 30 x 40 feet, furnishing sufficient accommodation for the engines and ladder trucks. The second stories will be finished for halls, for meetings.

Reward of Merit.

The barrel of flour which was to be donated to Mr. Obed Raymond, of the Weymouth Reform Club, on condition of total abstinence from liquor for one year, has been delivered by Mr. W. J. M. Donavan, on which the young man started up and struck Donovan with a stone, cutting a severe gash in his head. Messrs. Michael and J. L. Loford, who happened to be near, grabbed the assailant and "bore him tenderly" to the lockup, where Officer Binney gave him an opportunity to repent under lock and key. He was taken to the Court at Quincy on Monday, and owing to extenuating circumstances was let off with payment of costs.

Sabbath Observance.

A young man, overcome with the "bite of a serpent," was reclining on some steps in Rockville, last Sunday, when he was requested to move on by Mr. Daniel Donovan, on which the young man started up and struck Donovan with a stone, cutting a severe gash in his head. Messrs. Michael and J. L. Loford, who happened to be near, grabbed the assailant and "bore him tenderly" to the lockup, where Officer Binney gave him an opportunity to repent under lock and key. He was taken to the Court at Quincy on Monday, and owing to extenuating circumstances was let off with payment of costs.

Change of Time.

The regular Thursday evening meeting, held in the vestry of the Union Church, will commence at 7-45, and not at 7:30 as hitherto.

Strawberry Festival.

The ladies of the Union Religious Society, will give a Strawberry Festival on Thursday evening, May 27, in the Lecture room of the church. The programme will embrace tableaux and music, after which strawberries and ice cream will be for sale. Cake and coffee free.

Robbery.

The Broad St. school-house was broken into last night, admittance being gained through a window. The desk was robbed of pencils, etc.

HEADQUARTERS REYNOLDS POST, S. G. A. R.

South Weymouth, May 24, 1877.

GENERAL ORDER.

I. In accordance with Article 1, Chapter 3 of the Rules and Regulations establishing a Memorial Day, to be observed by the Grand Army of the Republic, on the 30th day of May, annually, the comrades of this Post will prepare to observe the same in the most appropriate manner.

II. The object of the day is to preserve the memory of the silent ones whose souls are still marching on in the Grand Army beyond the grave.

III. The Commander earnestly trusts that every member of the Post, with whom it is possible, will place himself in the ranks on this day and with fragrant flowers, just as they were when they were laid to rest in the earth, and with the tender services, that tend to keep in fresh remembrance the honored names of those who fought and died for their country.

IV. The following order of exercises has been decided upon, and will be adhered to, unless circumstances compel a change.

V. The Post will rendezvous at Thomas' Hall (so called) at North Weymouth, at half past seven o'clock, (7:30) on the morning of the 30th.

VI. The Weymouth Band and the Weymouth Corps of the Landing, will report at the same time and place.

VII. Commander John H. Whelan, as Officer of the Day, will march at the head of the column, and receiving instructions from the Commander, will direct its movements.

VIII. The Adjutant will detail two experienced color bearers, and six veteran soldiers for color guard, all to report to the Adjutant at the time of the march.

IX. The Post will march to the cemetery, and will be met by the ladies of the Post, who will receive the remains of the fallen, and will place them in the graves.

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BURNING ACCIDENT.

Last Saturday, two boys, named Lewis Bates and James Lee, obtained possession of a quantity of powder, and proceeded to the hill in the rear of Mr. J. L. Bates' store, for the purpose of firing it. They first fired a small quantity of the powder, but, seeing the blaze fast disappearing, the boy, who held the bag containing the remaining powder, poured the entire contents upon the flames, and an explosion ensued, setting Lee's clothes on fire. Upon seeing this Lee ran to the pump in the square and jumped into the trough, which fortunately was full of water, and aided by a teamster who was passing, he extinguished the flames. Not only were his clothes entirely spoiled, but he was severely burned, and will not probably be out for some time. Bates suffered also from powder burns about the face, but will soon be all right. Dr. Tinkham was called to attend the cases, and under his skillful hands the boys have the best of care.

Boating Notes.

Mr. Brooks, who has charge of the Tufts place, has forbidden all persons from passing from the railroad crossing to the narrow beach over his land. The broad contiguous to the railroad at this point, have for years been the favorite mooring grounds of a large number of boats, and no objection has ever been raised to the placing of skiffs upon the shore. The distance from the street to the beach, is about 50 feet, with a beaten path some 20 feet, the rest of the way being made up of small slate and gravel stones.

Another gentleman has also objected to boats being moored upon his shore. Mr. N. L. White has land running down to the flats, and in order to get to their boats, the owners must pass over his land; beside this, quite large boats are kept in the flats, and it is a chance to let it be a mooring ground. A fence is to be built around the headland, to protect the grass land from those who are accustomed to go over it.

The yacht "Nettie," the property of Capt. Whitmarsh, is for sale. Her measurements are 29 ft. beam 11 ft.; draught 19 inches; center-board up. She is built to run either Newport or Long Island, and carries 10 ft. 6 in. boats. There is a chance to buy a boat that has won six first prizes, at a reasonable price.

The yacht built and owned by Mr. Albert White, is also for sale. She is 18 ft. long, and we are told, is modeled after the "Nettie." She has shown fine speed, and is said to be of superior workmanship.

Change of Time.

The regular Thursday evening meeting, held in the vestry of the Union Church, will commence at 7-45, and not at 7:30 as hitherto.

Strawberry Festival.

The ladies of the Union Religious Society, will give a Strawberry Festival on Thursday evening, May 27, in the Lecture room of the church. The programme will embrace tableaux and music, after which strawberries and ice cream will be for sale. Cake and coffee free.

Robbery.

The Broad St. school-house was broken into last night, admittance being gained through a window. The desk was robbed of pencils, etc.

HEADQUARTERS REYNOLDS POST, S. G. A. R.

South Weymouth, May 24, 1877.

GENERAL ORDER.

I. In accordance with Article 1, Chapter 3 of the Rules and Regulations establishing a Memorial Day, to be observed by the Grand Army of the Republic, on the 30th day of May, annually, the comrades of this Post will prepare to observe the same in the most appropriate manner.

II. The object of the day is to preserve the memory of the silent ones whose souls are still marching on in the Grand Army beyond the grave.

III. The Commander earnestly trusts that every member of the Post, with whom it is possible, will place himself in the ranks on this day and with fragrant flowers, just as they were when they were laid to rest in the earth, and with the tender services, that tend to keep in fresh remembrance the honored names of those who fought and died for their country.

IV. The following order of exercises has been decided upon, and will be adhered to, unless circumstances compel a change.

V. The Post will rendezvous at Thomas' Hall (so called) at North Weymouth, at half past seven o'clock, (7:30) on the morning of the 30th.

VI. The Weymouth Band and the Weymouth Corps of the Landing, will report at the same time and place.

VII. Commander John H. Whelan, as Officer of the Day, will march at the head of the column, and receiving instructions from the Commander, will direct its movements.

VIII. The Adjutant will detail two experienced color bearers, and six veteran soldiers for color guard, all to report to the Adjutant at the time of the march.

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C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

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Letters from Spain.

BY HENRY DAY, ESQ.

BARCELONA.

All Spanish cities are old and Barcelona is the most ancient. The local historian is fond of claiming Hercules as the founder of this city 4000 years before Romulus was born. Be that as it may, it bears the name of Anula Barca, the father of Hannibal, and has been a famous port ever since. It is probably the richest and most enterprising of all the Spanish cities. Like Venice and Genoa, it was a greater harbor in Barcelona to be a great merchant than to wear the armorial distinctions of a warrior knight. While the old Andalusian and Castilian knights were seeking renown on the tented field the merchant of Barcelona was amassing money by trade in foreign parts. The consequence is the Barcelonense are rich and cosmopolitan and the Castilians poor and proud.

Barcelona is the best seaport on the eastern coast of Spain. Its natural advantages are considerable as a harbor, but require an extensive wall to protect them from the easterly winds of the Mediterranean. The first object which attracts the eye on approaching the city, is the fortress which frowns down upon the city from a height of 800 feet, called Fort Mont-Jerick. It was probably intended as much to keep the turbulent citizens in check as for a defence for the harbor and town. The view from this fort is very grand. The Mediterranean is before you. Its coast, dotted with villages, can be traced far north to the Pyrenees. The city lies at your feet while all around in the suburbs, among the green trees, can be seen the tall chimneys of different kinds of manufacturing.

The city is, for a Spanish city, clean and well-built, and consists of the old and new part. The modern city is handsomely built up with large fine houses divided into flats, which are as elegant as the residences of Paris. A great feature in the outdoor life of a Spaniard is his promenade. Here they spend their evenings and take their exercise. Here the mothers come with their daughters without bonnet, but with the mantilla thrown gracefully over the head. If the mother is not with the young lady, a very attitudined old woman attends her in her evening walks, and in Barcelona it is proper to parade the streets in fine weather till 12 o'clock at night.

Barcelona has one grand promenade called the Rambla, extending from the harbor through the city. It is continued into the new part of the town, where it is called the Paseo de Gracia, which consists of five avenues of trees, and is the grand Central Park of the wealthy people.

The shops of the city are very fine, especially in the display of jewelry and fine dresses, and articles of luxury. They are brilliantly lighted in the evening, and here the ladies of the city may be seen doing their shopping or admiring the show. Generally the great feature of a Spanish city is its cathedral, and our first visit, is ordinarily, to it. We first ascend its tower and obtain a general idea of the size, locality, surroundings, and appearance of the city as a whole. The cathedral of Barcelona is a grand edifice. It was built on the site of a pagan temple, and converted into a mosque by the Moors, and afterwards added to and rebuilt into its present form. The roof is very lofty and supported by light graceful pillars. The high altar is surrounded by a semicircle of columns, and below it is the crypt where lies the body of Dulacia, the patroness of the city, who was killed by Ducian in 304, A. D.

Everywhere in Spain the people are demoralized by the sale of government lottery tickets. Tickets are sold at all prices, every water at the cafes, boys and women in the streets, are selling the tickets for a small commission, given by the government. Almost all the poor people are gamblers in lottery tickets. We were at Barcelona about Christmas time, when the drawing takes place. The excitement was extreme among the common people. One old man told me he had bought tickets all his life and spent all he earned in this way, and had drawn one prize.

Christmas and New Year's day are festivals devoted to pleasure, eating and dancing. In preparation for it you will find the streets filled with flocks of live turkeys, and peasants from all parts of the province, with their picturesque dresses, selling them. A particular water called neulas and a cake called turrones, made of honey-almonds and sugar, which is the very perfection and quintessence of all sweets, are sold every where.

Hotel life is much the same in Spain as in France, but of a lower order. You have chocolate and a roll in your room early in the morning; breakfast of courses, which is really a dinner, at 11; and table d'hôte dinner at 6. But the smells of the hotels are simply horrible; even in the large cities and in the smaller hotels of the towns they are pestiferous. This arises from the want of drainage. Generally there is no water in the house and no connection with any sewer, and the whole house is impregnated in all the halls with these dreadful odors, such no people but the Spaniards can produce or endure. The only wonder is, that the people do not all die of typhoid fever.

Barcelona has now about 170,000 inhabitants, and is a delightful city for a winter residence. The climate is mild, tempered by the breezes from the Mediterranean; the sun, in winter, is warm and genial; storms are rare. Rents, in the new residences, are cheap, and living at the hotels about two dollars and

a half a day. It has great social advantages, being the capital of the Province, the seat of a bishop, and the residence of a captain-general, so that visitors do not want for Church or military displays. Their university, their commercial, civil, military and art academies have given a social culture to the people, and their constant intercourse with other nations have given them a cosmopolitan character not ordinarily met with in Spain. They have here one of the finest opera houses in the world, that of Naples and Milan only being superior to it.

It was here in Barcelona that Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella, in April, 1493, after his return from the discovery of the new world; and here, at the church of El Belin, is deposited the sword of Ignatius Loyola, which he consecrated to the Virgin, before her altar in Monserrat, in 1522.

AN OIL TOWN.

Edenburg is a new village—it calls itself a city—in the oil region of Pennsylvania. The 3,000 inhabitants live in houses that have neither bath nor plaster; and altogether the place is like those that grow up in Western mining districts. There are five bars, a variety of theatre, and uncounted liquor saloons. To offset them there is one small church. New and profitable oil wells are being bored in the neighborhood and the cause of Edenburg's existence. It is at one end of a narrow-gauge railroad, that a correspondent of the Chicago Times describes as follows: "It runs around this mountainous country with an abandon that is truly refreshing. It skips over hills and down precipices, dodges around big stumps, straddles deep gorges on hooplike stilts that twist and bend beneath its tread and threaten to send the traveller 300 feet into eternal smash every moment, hangs by one foot on the side of the mountain's stone walls, bonds around curves like a contortionist, runs on the wheels of one side, bumps the cars around like a chop-see in the English channel, was completed in January, cost \$40,000, cleared itself in three months, charges one dollar for the trip, and is crowded with business."

MILKING TIME.

The New York Herald thus notes the production of swill milk at what is called the Blissville distillery, in that city:

Let not those who have believed in modern dairy poetry of classic times be lead astray with the idea that they are about to be introduced to the "pretty girl milking her cow," or that musical question and answer: "Where are you going my pretty maiden?" "Going to milk my cow," she said, with its suggestion of laughing eyes, clear linen chemise, and saucy kerchief, and its vista of verdant pastures, dotted here and there with contented cows lying among the daisies and buttercups, can have any place in what is about to be described. Those who read the article descriptive of the Blissville sheds, with their eight hundred cows rotting in their own filth and all the hideous paraphernalia of swill-feeding, can understand that they are not going to be introduced to the traditional cow or the traditional milkmaid. Far from it—as far as swillmilk is from the pure product of the properly fed cow. The sheds where the poor beasts are kept to starve and rot were at length reached. At the time of the writer's previous visit hot swill was running into the feeding (?) troughs. Now men are about with lanterns attending to the loading of the wagons with the swill milk. The clatter of milk cans could be heard mingled with the fearful oaths of the man-brutes as they struck some unfortunate cow with a heavy club to make her stand over for milking. The pump handle was kept in constant operation, and the milk venders kept the pump in constant use to help make up the quantity of slops demanded by unsophisticated people along their routes. The scene within the sheds was capable of making one forewarned the use of milk. Filthy bipeds were milking the poor beasts. Many of the cows had great sores on their udders, and when the teat was drawn the poor animals actually howled from pain. Each pipe sat on a low stool and pressed his head against the cow's flank. Almost all of the wretched small short filthy black pipes, which with their hyena like faces, made them bear a closer resemblance than usual to fiends.

The pails used to milk in are hardly fit to carry milk to well kept hogs and rival the bipeds' faces in filthiness. The paws of the bipeds, judging from present appearances, have not seen soap and water for the last decade. Every now and then the bipeds' heads, which are driven into the cows' flanks, knock off some of the caked filth and it drops into the pails of slops (milk); the filthy paw is then plunged into the milk and the piece of manure removed. How much filth is removed from the paw? The stench alone is enough to contaminate the milk, even if the cows were well fed. The milk which was sampled by the writer has a pungent and unpalatable taste and a blueish-white appearance.

A Parisian manufacturer has received an order from Turkey for a large number of white shirts upon which extracts from the Koran are to be printed in sky blue letters. Upon a number of white wooden undershirts is to be stamped the signature of Mohammed. The articles are intended for distribution to Turkish soldiers when upon especially dangerous duty, to stimulate their courage under the impression that they are talismans.

Professor Proctor says the earth is growing larger. We are glad to hear it for real estate has shrunk fearfully in the past three years. A portion of the great meteor which passed over northern Vermont a few weeks ago is reported found near the town of Jay, embedded about four feet in the earth. It is said to have the appearance of iron-ore, lava and soapstone, and to weigh about two tons. Report says this is the largest aurore ever discovered in this country.

LITERARY NOTICES.

St. Nicholas for June is as bright as the June sunshine, and full of June's breeziness and cheer. The frontispiece is a fine picture of "A June Morning" and the close of the number, "The Stars in June," shows "The Stars in June," which between these two we find many of the delightful scenes with which every June day is filled. There is a dainty picture on one page of a little girl in a gown and sunbonnet, demurely reading her fortune from the daisy-scythes, and on another, a barbed boy is enjoying his summer frolics with a frisky cat. "The green house with Gold Nails" is a beautifully illustrated story of June's special treasures. "Wild Mice" begins their June-time travels along their numberless little paths through the fields, creeping, out at us here and there in Mr. Rowland's exquisite pictures; the nests in which some of our common birds spend this glorious month, are described by Prof. Brooks; and the June "Roses" bloom in Edgar Fawcett's pretty verses.

But all these form only a part of the good things that the number contains. The opening story of "Frank" is a well-told and well-illustrated account of a boy's heroism in a terrible adventure, the concluding chapter of the excellent serial "Patience's House" has a superb picture of a fire, by Thomas Moran; the story of "The Mother in the Desert" is delightfully told by Susan Codrington; and the concluding chapter of "The Child-Bishop of Salisbury" in Mr. Egleston's article and Mr. Egleston's picture. The installment of "His Own Master" is unusually long, and contains three beautiful pictures; and the story of "Spray" illustrated with a really lovely life-size portrait of the wise little black-and-tan.

"The Perkins Tea Party" is a most interesting and amusing occasion. "Tommy's Cousin" is a very funny story, with even funnier pictures by Church; "Annie Plumer's Diary" is a remarkable journal—revealed to us by Abby Morton Diaz; and Joel Stacy's record of "The Naughty Little Egyptian," is touching and comical.

Wide Awake for June opens with "Tyrant Tom," a decidedly jolly story by Mary L. B. Branch; which Robert Lewis has drawn a spirited frontispiece. Equally jolly, and equally suggestive to pupils and mamma, is "A. Nectural Lunch," Flossy and Bossey find their way into and out of "Great Tribulations."

The poems of this number are especially good. Mrs. M. B. L. writes "A Book about the Bay," Mrs. W. H. answers the universal question, "Children, 'What shall we do?'" Mary E. Wyeth contributes a poem for the country boys, "Sleep-walking," and "Mildred" has one of the most charming and most amusingly illustrated by L. Hopkins. "Child Marion" is still in Rome. She takes a splash in the famous fountains of Trevi, and fights under Garibaldi. "Quadrant Girls," by Sophie May, reaches a climax of interest. And there is a delightfully funny illustrated paper, by Mrs. Nellie Everett, about "Long King Sam," a real little China boy, of San Francisco, Cal.

Perhaps the most notable article is No. X, of the "Poets' Homes Series," concerning William Dean Howells, editor of the Atlantic. Four artists illustrate the paper with views of the home and the poet, a real little China boy, of San Francisco, Cal.

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FURNITURE REPAIRING

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs, Upholstering work

ANDREW CULLEY, North Weymouth, Mass.